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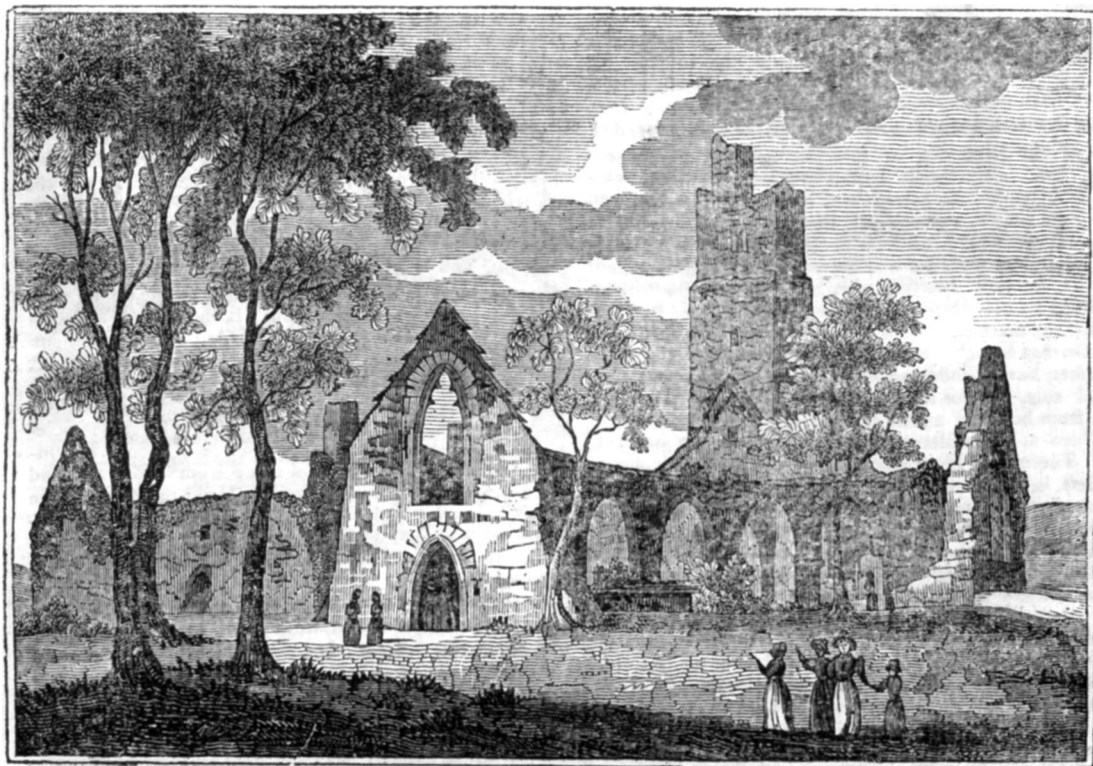
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the shock, on which the water, bursting from its confinement, violently rushed. The houses all gave way, and the wretched inhabitants, who had retired to rest anxious and harrassed with the events of the night before, were now swept out of their beds by the inundation. They were soon suffocated, and, with no covering but their night dresses, were carried through the lower part of the town, and found next morning on the beach in different states of nakedness. It was one of these unfortunate people in his shirt, that I felt entwined round my legs, and it was their bodies that had encumbered the inundated street. I went to see the place. The desolation was very dismal; the hill seemed as if recently burst open; the valley was strewed with the wrecks of houses covered with mud; the poor people were digging in the wet rubbish in search of their friends; and the inhabitants on the side of the hill were looking in terror out of their cottages, expecting every moment that another convulsion would prostrate their houses, and another inundation carry them away.

The effects were not confined to the land, but were sensibly felt by the ships in the water. On board our frigate a noise was heard like that of a cable running through a house-hole, and the vessel seemed raised out of the sea,

and thumped as if she had been driven on shore. The master and officers ran on deck in their shirts greatly alarmed, supposing she had slipped her cable in the storm that had just commenced, and was bulging out her bottom on the point of Krio Negro. But they found every thing safe, and were still wondering what could have been the cause, when accounts at length reached them from the shore.

The moment the weather moderated we hastened on board; and the ambassador, instead of departing with the usual accompaniment of noisy honours, left the island silently and without pomp, deeming, very properly, that any such display would be altogether inconsistent with the melancholy events which had occurred. There never were, perhaps, greater horrors effected by the agency of nature than those of one short day in the island of Zante. We found it smiling in its beauty, with every thing that presented itself of a gay and lovely aspect. In a moment all was changed, the ground was rent open, towns were destroyed, the sky poured down portentous stones, mountains were burst asunder, inundations swept away whole streets with their inhabitants, and we left the island in horror and desolation, where nothing was heard but mourning, lamentation, and woe."



WEST VIEW OF KILCREA ABBEY.

This interesting remnant of antiquity, situated on the southern margin of the small river Bride, in the county of Cork, was founded in the year 1645, by Cormac, Lord Muskery. It was placed under the invocation of St. Bridgid, and flourished in high reputation until the general suppression of monastic houses.

The ruins occupy a retired and beautiful position, on the banks of the Bride. The most desirable entrance is approached through an avenue of venerable trees.

It would appear, from the ruins, that the buildings were not of great extent, nor do they exhibit the traces of any architectural peculiarities. They resemble, in design and character, the remains of several other ecclesiastical structures in Ireland, known to have been erected in the fifteenth century; and thus assist in showing that the pointed style of that era, as regards this island, differed little from the architectural mode prevailing at the same time in Britain. From the excellence of the materials

(quarries of marble being found in the vicinity) this edifice was of superior delicacy to many in less favoured parts of the country; but there are no indications of its having even on the interior, partaken largely of embellishment.

The abbey formerly contained a nave, one transept, a chancel, a small chapel, and the cloisters; all of small size, and now in complete ruin; nothing of any beauty remaining. The windows have been all long since destroyed.

This has long been a popular place of sepulture, and much noble dust mingles with the soil of its gloomy and neglected aisles.

I could not, however, find any stone with a legible inscription, beyond the date of 1739; though there are many that appear much older, yet they are devoid of inscription, most likely worn away. The following I copied:—

"Here lieth the body of Denis Mac Carthy, Esq., who departed this life, April the 2d, 1739, aged 45 years.

Let honour, valour, virtue, justice, mourn  
Cloghrois Mac Carthy live less in this urn;

Let all distressed draw near and make their moan,  
Their patron lies confined beneath this stone."

A large stone with the date of 1743, has a large cross engraved on it, and is said to mark the grave of Cloghrois Mac Carthy's father. Tradition speaks of him as a man of great strength and valour; the arms of the cross measure four inches and a half, which is said to have been the breadth of his own arms.

The numerous heaps of skulls and bones, which a few years ago were to be seen here, have been deposited in their mother earth.

The castle of Kilcrea, situated in this district, was formerly a seat of the Mac Carties, Lords of Muskery and Earls of Clancarty, with attached manorial rights and is said to have been built, in the fifteenth century, by Cormac, surnamed Laidir, Lord Muskery. The ruins evince it to have been a pile of much strength, and of considerable but rude magnificence. A stairway, composed of a dark marble, led from the ground floor to the summit of the structure, a height of nearly seventy feet. Traces of outworks are still visible; and on the east side, is the bawn, constituting, when the castle was the abode of its former lordly owners, the place of recreation by day, and of shelter in the gloom of night, for the cattle of the domain, whose least noxious enemies were the wolves of the adjacent morass and woodlands.

#### THE BEGGARMAN AND THE BLACKSMITH.

About the beginning of the last century a wealthy farmer lived in the lonely district of Kilmacrenan, in the north of Ireland. His cottage was surrounded with hills, which were used as a sheep-walk, their surface was unsheltered, except where occasional clusters of stunted hawthorn and elder trees were scattered. About half a mile from the farmer's dwelling were the "cross-roads," distinguished by the white washed forge and cabin of Paddy Murphy, the blacksmith, and called from this circumstance the "*Carthan bawn*." It was late in October, 1705, when the farmer, having collected what at that time was deemed a good sum, by his sales at various fairs, was suddenly called from home to attend the funeral of an aunt, which took place at a considerable distance from his neighbourhood. The money his traffic had brought him was necessarily left, in his absence, in care of his wife. On the third evening after his departure, the servant girl was washing the potatoes for supper, when a sturdy looking beggarman approached the house.

"Mistress, mistress, dear," cried Sally, "there's a strange *bocaugh* coming; any how, I don't like the look of him at all! He's the biggest man I ever see, beats the master out and out, and more by token, he has the devil of a wicked look!"

"Shut the door then," said the mistress of the cottage. Sally was about to obey, when it struck her mistress that, lonely and unprotected as they were, civility was their best play; as if the beggarman should choose to enforce his admission by violent means, they would not be able to offer resistance. He entered and unceremoniously seated himself by the fire.

"What are you getting for dinner?" he asked.

"Beef and potatoes," replied Sally.

"If you mean that bit of meat," rejoined the *bocaugh*, "it won't be enough to give a taste to the boys."

Mrs. Mac Gunshigan looked surprised.

"Ay, mistress, you'll have company here by and by, this is a cold, raw evening, and they'll want something comfortable."

"Put down more then," said the farmer's wife.

Dinner was nearly ready, when the blacksmith of the "*Carthan bawn*" entered.

"Then it's myself that's proud to see you," said Sally to him in a low voice.

Paddy Murphy's appearance did not please the *bocaugh*, who sturdily asked him, what brought him there?

Paddy looked astonished, but answered "that he merely called upon his way from a neighbour's, to see how his friend, Mrs. Mac Gunshigan, was."

"Then you may take yourself off again," said the *bocaugh*, "we don't want you here."

"And who are you that orders me off?" asked Paddy Murphy.

"I'll show you in no time," said the mendicant, flourishing his shillelah.

"And if it comes to that, begad I'll have a hit too, before I leave this house at your bidding," said Paddy.

The beggarman aimed a blow at Paddy's head, but he dexterously avoided it, and his hammer descended with such fatal force on his opponent's temple, that the huge beggarman fell dead upon the ground with a single groan!

"Oh, murder, murder," cried the women, "you've kilt him."

"By dad," said Paddy, coolly, "it would have been the murder not to kilt him;" and he opened the coat of the pretended mendicant, and exhibited his belt well furnished with pistols—a whistle hung from his neck. "Now," said the blacksmith, "we'll have all the murder out, if you can only fire a pistol."

"I can fire right well," said Sally.

"I'll try and fire, too," said Mrs. Mac Gunshigan.

At this juncture the farmer unexpectedly returned, to the great delight of his wife and Sally.

"What lumber's this?" he exclaimed, stumbling over the body of the bandit.

"It's a *corpse*!" said his wife.

"Lord save us! who's kilt?"

"The captain of a gang of robbers, and if I had not settled him, he and his gang would have left no one here to tell tales to-morrow," said the blacksmith. The farmer lifted up his hands, struck with astonishment.

"If we only manage cutely," said Paddy Murphy, "we'll have the other birds. The night is dark; you, and I, and the women, will take a pistol each; we'll stand outside the door, and blow the whistle; and when the gang are pressing in, we'll slap at them."

The farmer acquiesced—the whistle was blown loud, and the trampling of feet was soon heard, and half a dozen ruffians rushed in through the open door of the cottage, directed by the fire light within. As they passed the little party, four pistols were effectively discharged at them, killing and wounding an equal number of men; the two others, terror-struck at so unlooked for a reception, hastily fled through a door that opened to the farm yard—leaving their less fortunate companions behind.

The blacksmith was tried, acquitted, and honoured with the thanks of the jury, for his steadiness and heroism. The grateful farmer gave him more substantial thanks.

#### SIMPLE SCIENCE—BISMUTH.

Bismuth is brought chiefly from the continent, although it is produced by several mines in Cornwall. It possesses the singular property of *expanding* as it cools, and for this reason is used in the composition of the finer kinds of printer's types, as from this expansive property may be procured the most perfect impressions of the moulds in which the letters are cast. The composition of type-metal varies from four to sixteen parts of lead to one of antimony.

*Pearl-white* is an oxide of Bismuth. Ladies have used it as a cosmetic, but it is not only unwholesome, but has the inconvenient property of becoming black by the contact of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, or the fumes of *fetid* substances. The gas which arises from the burning of mineral coal will produce the same effects on it. It is related by an eminent author, of a lady of fashion, who had incautiously seated herself too near the fire, at a *quadrille* table, that her countenance changed on a sudden from a delicate white to a dark tawny, as though by magic. The surprise and confusion of the whole party had such an effect on the disfigured fair one, that she was actually dying with apprehension; when the physician dispelled their fears, by informing his patient that nothing more was necessary for her than to abstain from the use of mineral cosmetics, and trust in future to those charms which nature had bestowed on her. It is said that this oxide, mixed up in pomatum, will change the colour of hair to black.

*Pewter* is a mixture of one hundred and twelve pounds of tin, fifteen pounds of lead, and six pounds of brass: but many manufacturers add a quantity of bismuth in making